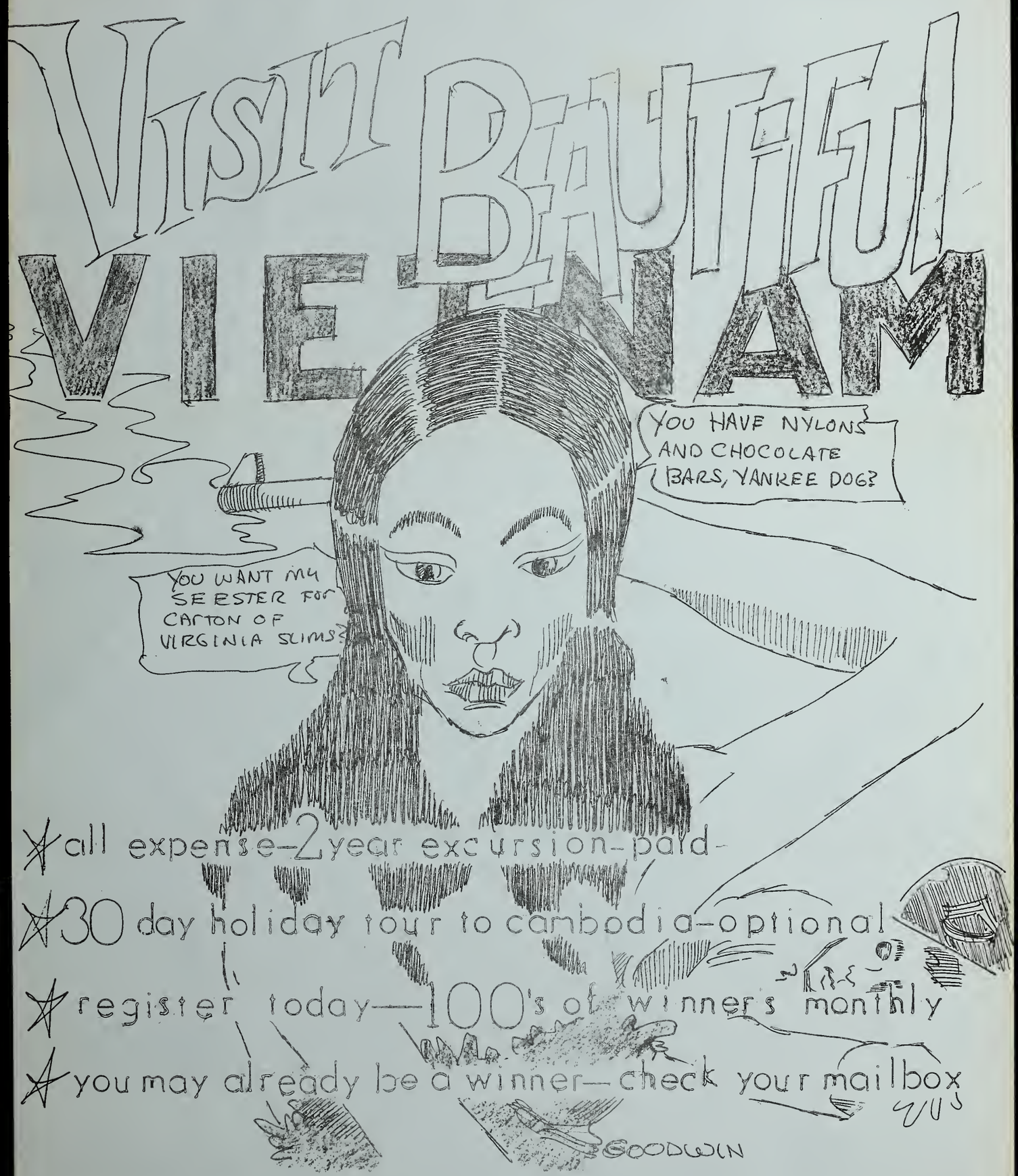
# subterranean SIDE SHOW

Volume 2, No. 3 Monday, October 12, 1970 CCC



# GI SPEAKS

by Seigfried Sassoon

I am making this statement as an act of willfull defiance of military authority, because I believe that the war is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it.

I am a soldier, convinced that I am acting on behalf of soldiers. I believe that this war, upon which I entered as a war of defense and liberation, has now becomea war of agression and conquest. I believe that the purposes for which I and my fellow soldiers entered upon this war should have been so clearly stated as to have made it impossible to change them; and that, had this been done, the objects which actated us would now be attainable by negotiation.

I have seen and endured the suffering of the troops, and I can no longer be a party to prolomg these sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust.

I am not protesting against the conduct of the war, but against the political errors and insincerities for which the fighting men are being sacrificed.

On behalf of those suffering now I make this protest against the deception which is being practised on them; I believe that I may help to destroy the callous complacence with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share, and which they do not have sufficient imagination to realize.

Siegfried Sassoon
Second-lieutenant
July, 1917

( Perhaps this is a good, if not terribly appropriate time to remind our readers that the SSS operates on a definate political philosophy; we have our views on things much the same as everybody, including you as an individual reader, sustains. Perhaps because we have not, to this time, received too much mail to handel, we remind all readers, teacher, administrator, and student, that mail is welcome. ~~(care of our advisor...)~~

# HISTORY'S PARALLEL

"We have arrived at that point, my friends, when war does not present the possibility of victory or defeat. War would present to us only the alternative in degrees of destruction. There could be no truly successful outcome. General and complete disarmament is the avenue leading to the deliverance of mankind from the calamity of war...long live peace throughout the world.

-Eisenhower

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SIDE SHOW ADVERTISEMENT

# SSS HONKIE POLITICIAN of MONTH

## your senator ralph tyler smith

-by John Winke

If you walk into the Will County Republican Headquarters on Chicago Street, and very politely ask one of the elderly volunteers, they will most certainly give you a copy of the Official Ralph Tyler Smith Coloring Book. No joke. Compliments of Citizens for Smith, the 24-page coloring book-biography depicts Smith's upbringing and career as that of either Abraham Lincoln or Beaver Cleaver. Typically, lived in the country, played baseball, wanted to be a boat captain, and worked his way through school. But the choicest bit of material is on page 21 (which looks best in Carnation Pink and Chartruese), where Ralph, as he is affectionately referred to, is shaking hands with our smiling President. The caption reads," Sometimes senators help the President run the country. Ralph has helped President Nixon many times." Oh, poor mislead little kids of Illinois, if you only knew.

When Evvie died and Ralph was called to the aid of his nation, face it now, who had ever heard of him...Spiro, maybe? But Ralph was not to be kept out of the three ring circus of honkie politics. It almost made the front page of the Sun-Times with his now famous, Clement Haynesworth Switcheroo. Originally speaking against Haynesworth, he was visited by a few powerful friends ( Ogilvie, Jack Mitchell ), and ten days later announced his vote would go FOR the confirmation of the later defeated judge. He followed this up with a vote for another Nixon choice--Almost Justice Carswell. As if this display of integrity did not impress his constituants, he left all political considerations to the wind when he bravely supported Nixon's War Policy completely, Cambodia and all.

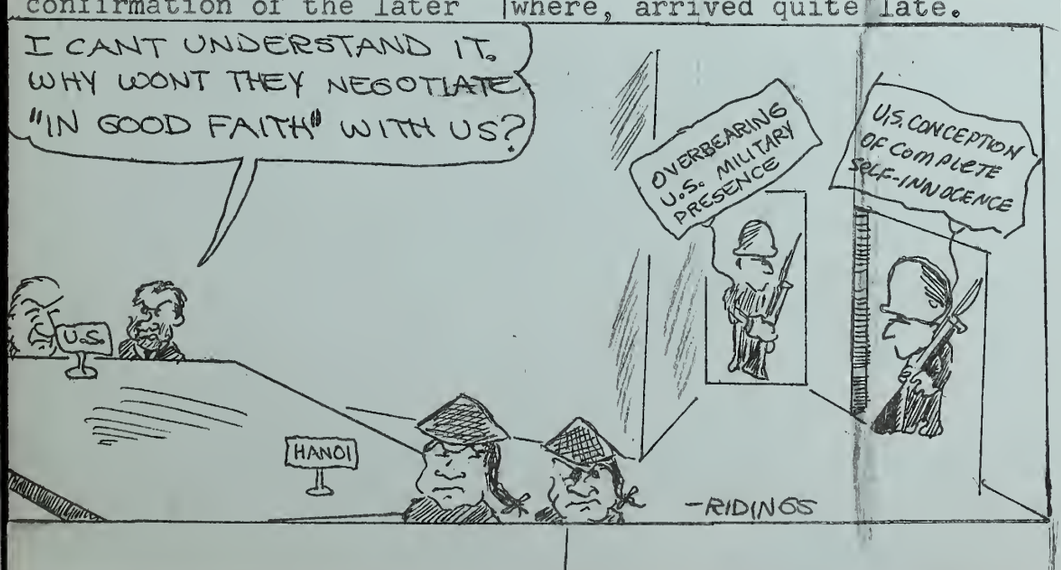
During the summer months, he continued in the brilliant footsteps of his predecessor by helping to defeat a measure which would put a ceiling on candidates' campaign expenditures.

His relationship with dissent and student unrest is cracking up to be a long and endearing one. Already Ralph has fought ardently for bills to deny students convicted in taking part in violent demonstrations federal scholarship funds,and seeks to make expulsion compulsory for such social malcontents. But in order to make himself 'perfectly clear' as to how he felt about the role of dissent in a democratic society, at their annual banquet Ralph nominated Julius 'J for justice' Hoffman as VFW 'Man of the Year.'

As if this weren't enough to cinch the 'Honkie of the Yea ' award for good old Ralph, his campaign tactics show him for what he should be considered, a real politician's politician. At a recent 'Invitations Only' banquet for a fellow Democrat, Ralph's opponent in the November election, Adlai Stevenson III, was scheduled to speak. Almost simultaneously, a herd of hairy freaks with faked invites offering free food and drink and a private photographer showed up. Luckily for his career, Stevenson, tied up else where, arrived quite late. By the time he was ready to deliver his speech, the freaks had been given the bum' rush. The photographer, however, was buttonholed in the process by some alert campaign workers and asked who had hired him. ( Do you need three guesses?) Why it none other than Honest Ralph's Chicago campaign manager.

While Ralph has nothing on Huey Long, as far as demagogery goes, one can easily see that he has been watching tapes of the old Army-McCarthy hearings. I must confess that for the first time since Gilligan's Island I have seriously considered putting my foot through my TV screen. For 30 seconds I was bombarded with shots of David Dellinger and the rest of the Cospiracy, Chicago Peace Marchers, and Viet Cong flags, followed by an archangel of stability, saving us from the jaws of anarchy with his assuring affirmation, " The enemies will never find comfort in my words."

Barring the passing of a new law prohibiting misrepresentation in coloring books, you may rest easy and confidently promise your children that, at least until November 3, procurement of the unique coloring books will only entail a trip to Republican Headquarters.As for Ralph himself, make no mistake about it. In his first year up there with the big boys, he has gotten away with manuevers that would have made Lester Maddox reconsider the restaurant business. So, if Ralph can stay out of the news, dealing from the bottom of the deck, ever under the protective wing of our smiling President, Cincinnati Dick, he stands to become a new American Legend, a damn good candidate for the VFW's 'Man of the Year.'



# MUG FILES

"The most depressing thing in Wasington right now is a hole in the ground. It is an enormous excavation three stories deep, a full city block square, right on Pennsylvania Avenue. A building will rise here, 11 stories high. Work started in 1967 and will be finished in late 1973. The entire building will be taken over by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Not Education, not Health, not Welfare: the FBI. Cost was originally estimated at 60 million; latest estimate, 102 million; actual may be 120 million. Ten miles of corridors and 2½ million square feet of floor space will be big enough for files on every American. These are being collected right now by a dozen agencies. Computers will make them instantly available; a mass surveilance system unprecedented in history. Just a hole in the ground now; soon a police pentagon."

New Republic,
July 11, 1970
page 4

(Editor's Note, To live and perceive from day to day might be an alternative to the realization that there are many aspects of today's societal styles that are not only unable to be logically accepted, but in view of men's tribal protection-and-mutual-advantage-in-numbers instinct, objectively, suicidal.

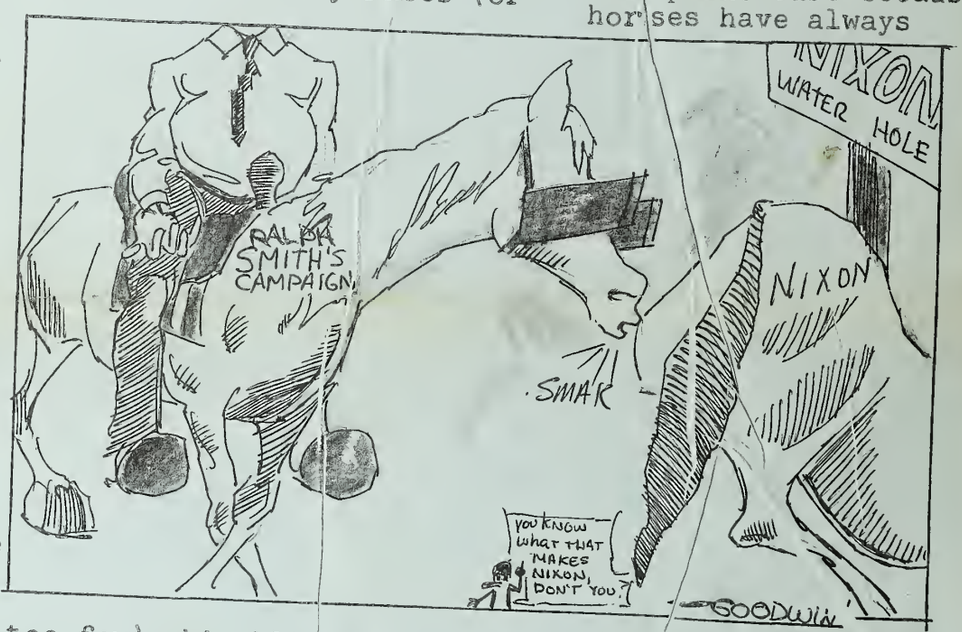
With a little digging, you can realize that 1984 is not only coming closer by outrageous atrocities happening geographically everywhere, or by the natural passage of time, but that subtle changes in Constitutional interpretation, private empires built with area authority bought, or strangled in our 'established lawbodies,' and a decreasing power on the citizen's part to control the governing and policing bodies, these things provoke genuine fear, in some, and inspire articles like above)

or, do you pronounce it charlie brown?

# SMITH MIGHT WIN

by John Goodwin

You don't really have to lead a horse to water. It'll find that brook or whatever irregardless of a raging and continuing storm; it will ignore the hazards of the road, avoiding when possible; this beast will cut across private grounds, through rose gardens, especially those containing breeds of Stevenson Hopefuls; and if it is an older animal, unsuccessful at several Rockdale Derbies, or given the Champion wreath because the other contestant swallowed his own foamy poison, and his eyes have seen too many races (or too few), his blinders will not hamper what instinct has provided. Generations have trod the path to the water, what could be more momsandapplepie than doing the same?




Actually, horses have never been bothered by raging storms. Plodding slowly along in their mundane labors, their Oscar Meyer hides and special Mitchel blinders save them from distraction. Should their coats be tarnished from nature's outrage, a special band of cowhands come in and scrub him down...only to be dismissed rudely by a bothered whip of the beast's tale. Of course the once-prized coat is never again indicative of the pure breed that the advertising brochures, culturally biased histories, and equestrian corporate stockholders would have us believe. The storm, well, being part of the cycle of pressure, depression, turbulance, gusts of hot air, a good purging influence, eventually calms, until, inevitably it comes again.

Apparantly for the main purpose of getting to the water, horses have developed heavy hoofs. They step in holes occassionally, but always seem to weather their possible injuries. And with many of them, its always that same old path. Just because horses have always taken that way. Experience shows him where to place his hoof or naught. Just stay safe, baby...

To preserve its dreams and emulate its dillusions of the equestrian heritage, geographical changes in the form of rose gardens can not have any noticable effect on performing the rite. Sure, flowers are human, too, but, Stevenson Hopefuls, pink or gray, can't stop a horse destined for water. So, have a little fun at it, and Kill a Commie for Christ, too.

So, that crazy, paranoid, traditionalist horse may have its way in spite of the gardens.